



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, POETRY, &c.

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SELECT TALES.

From the Ladies' Companion.

Katrina Schuyler.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

'KATRINA, my dear, come and sit on this stool by my side, I have something to say to thee.

'Wait a moment, father, till I have tuned my guitar, and then I can practice this sweet air while your are talking.'

The old merchant, though an austere man in his warehouse, was, like many of his class, indulgent to a fault to the members of his family. So he sat quietly in his arm-chair, with an open letter in his hand, while his daughter, Kate, the spoiled darling of his widowed heart, went on screwing up the keys of her guitar, trying the strings with her slender white fingers, and humming snatches of a Neapolitan boat song, as if utterly forgetful that her father had spoken to her.

'Make haste, child, I am waiting,' said the old merchant.

'One moment, father, while I shorten this band; there, now, it just fits;' and flinging the black ribbon over the whitest and most beautiful neck in all Amsterdam, she seated herself at her father's feet, and raising her smiling face to his, said—'Well, now, what do you want to say? Be quick, for I have not half got my lesson.'

The old man had scarcely commenced the subject, which, from the gravity of his face seemed to be somewhat important, when Kate struck up a lively air, and completely overwhelmed his voice. Even his habits of indulgence could not withstand this. He impatiently grasped the little hand which wandered like a restless bird over the strings, exclaiming;

'Listen to me, Kate, this subject is of importance.'

'I beg ten thousand pardons, my dear father! Pray, what were you talking about?'

'This letter has just arrived from Paris,' said the old man, raising the open sheet in his hand.

Kate caught a glance at the seal. She knew the crest; that careless, half-provoking smile instantly vanished from her face, and her voice faltered as she said;

'Well, father, where is he now?'

'In Paris, dear, on his way to claim his betrothed.'

For a moment Katrina's face wore a thoughtful expression. She turned away her eyes, and after a little hesitation, said:

'I have made up my mind—that is, I had rather not marry Lord Gilbert.'

'Nonsense! not marry Lord Gilbert? Pray, what has given rise to this new caprice?'

'Oh! I've a thousand reasons. I dare say he is abominably ugly, and as proud as Lucifer.'

'On the contrary, child, he is deemed one of the handsomest men in England; and as to pride, methinks his willingness to take to wife the daughter of a humble Dutch merchant is sufficient proof against that. Nay, start not up and look so proudly, child; I tell thee this some English Lord might have his choice among the fairest and highest of his own proud land; and a humble maiden like thee, Kate, should deem it high honor when he casts his thoughts so much beneath his own level?'

'But Katrina Schuyler, merchant's daughter though she be, deems it no honor to be bartered off unseen, and certainly unloved, like an article of merchandize! I say again, I will not marry this Lord, who thinks to drag me from my own dear home at a moment's warning, and to install me into his proud dwelling, like a Dutch toy, only to be endured for its gilding—for conceal it as you will, father, I know that this coronet is to be purchased with a dowry, such as no English noble can count down to his titled daughters.'

'Thou hast nothing to do with that, child,' said the old man with some degree of confusion, 'and if thou hast no better reason to give—'

'But I have a better reason—I will not wed Lord Gilbert—because—because—I intend to marry some body else.'

'Marry somebody else!' and the astonished merchant started up, as if a bullet had passed through his heart. 'May I be permitted to ask what high personage has been selected for my son-in-law?'

'Certainly, father—it is the music-master you have been so good as to allow me.'

'A music-master! My daughter marry a poor, beggarly, tramping fiddler!—a—'

'Don't get in a passion—don't father, I entreat you!' exclaimed the malicious girl, trembling all over, and yet half laughing at the storm she had raised.

'A passion! a passion! By my father's soul, if I thought, child, that this were not badinage—mere idle sport, I would turn thee into the street this instant!'

Now Katrina Schuyler was a much better general than Napoleon Buonaparte, for she knew just how far to extend her power; so, instead of braving her father's anger, as the haughty imperialist did the Russian winter, she threw her arm over the guitar, and retreated into the garden.

Though Mynheer Schuyler was, as I have said, by no means remarkable for mildness of temper, he never indulged in the luxury of anger beyond the precincts of his counting-room, and always reserved the highest ebullitions of his wrath for the special edification of his clerks and retainers. It was therefore with no little astonishment, that the passers by saw him issue from his house with a face as red as a peony, and flourishing an open letter in his hand with the most startling ferocity of manner. Had it been a drawn sword they would have run for their lives; but being only a piece of harmless paper, they stood still, opened their mouths, and wondered what on earth could have come over Mynheer.

Some very wise man has said that habit is second nature. If this be true, it had been the merchant's nature, for twenty years, to descend the steps of his dwelling about ten o'clock each morning, with his dress arranged in the extremity of neatness. After gazing for a moment up and down the street, he would fold his hands under his coat behind, and thus walk leisurely to his warehouse

bowing graciously to the acquaintances whom he passed on his way, and in every manner deporting himself with the staid dignity befitting a man of trust and substance. But this morning the merchant outraged his habits terribly. His wig was awry, his coat unbrushed, and his shoes, with their broad silver buckles, lacked their usual exquisite polish. Without stopping for a moment on the steps, he clapped his hands under his coat, for it is to be doubted if he could walk with them in any other position, and hurried along the pavement as if propelled by a double power locomotive.

Mynheer Schuyler's warehouse stood on one of the numerous canals, which carry the commerce of nations into the heart of Amsterdam. He was hurrying along the brink of this canal, in the situation we have described, when he came in contact with a porter, who was running at the top of his speed to overtake a boat which lay a little ahead. The concussion was fatal to the angry merchant. He lost his equilibrium, and the next moment, found his polished shoes, with their silver buckles, planted three inches deep in the mud at the bottom of the canal. Here was a predicament for the richest merchant in Amsterdam to find himself in. Up to his chin in water, his feet sticking in the bottom of a canal, his bald head just rising above the surface—for his wig and the letter which had given rise to all this mischief, were very tranquilly floating down the stream together—his arms extended as if in an effort to swim, and altogether bearing no inapt semblance to one of those apocryphal heads which one sometimes meets with upon an old-fashioned tomb-stone, with flat noses, big mouths and wings growing where their ears should be. But Mynheer was no tomb-stone ornament; nor had he the slightest inclination to become the subject of one. So, as soon as he had a little recovered from the surprise of his immersion, he essayed to call for assistance. But as he opened his mouth to let his voice out, a quantity of muddy water took the liberty to let itself in. Here he began to make wry faces, shake his head, and to beat the water with his arms, in a manner which added very much to the delight of some half dozen ragged boys and lazy porters, who stood grinning and clapping their hands at his struggles on the opposite side of the canal.

The unlucky merchant had nearly exhausted himself in vain struggles, and was sinking deeper and deeper in the mud every instant, when a youth, apparently a foreigner, with eagle eyes and hair like the wing of a raven, happened to pass, and saw his situation.

'Can I do any thing for your assistance, friend?' he inquired kindly.

The luckless merchant made one more desperate effort to speak; but lost his foot-

ing, and his head suddenly disappeared beneath the turbid water. The youth flung his velvet cap upon the pavement, stripped off his coat, and plunged into the canal. He soon succeeded in fishing up the unfortunate merchant, and supporting his head above the water, called out lustily for assistance. This was soon rendered, and Mynheer Schuyler was safely conveyed to his warehouse.

A servant was despatched for dry clothes and a new wig, and Mynheer Schuyler lay upon the sofa in his counting-room in his dripping garments, completely exhausted by his cold bath, when the foreign youth who saw that he could be of no further service, was about to retire. The merchant observed the movement, looked up and recognized his daughter's music-master; the very man whom half an hour before he had resolved to kick from his door steps, did he ever presume to ascend them again. The youth stood very quietly with his cap in his hand, while the old man's face changed from a look of astonishment to a haughty frown, which, after a moment, gave place to an expression of warm hearted gratitude, such as a kind man would feel toward one who had saved his life.

'Young man,' he said, grasping the hand of the youth, 'this day shall be a fortunate one for you, as well as for me; I pledge you the word of a grateful and an honest man.'

The youth bowed, and muttering something about an engagement, hurried from the warehouse. Meantime, Katrina had proceeded to a fountain in the garden, where, as the season was summer, and the weather pleasant, she had been in the habit of receiving her music lessons. A rustic seat stood at the foot of a drooping elm which shadowed the green sward around the fountain, and a thicket of roses rendered the retreat fragrant and secluded. Kate looked upon the vacant bench and then upon the sun. It was full time, and yet no master had arrived. She busied herself in gathering the roses and scattering their leaves, and half open buds, upon the water in the fountain; then tiring of this, she seated herself on the brink of the marble basin and began to dip up the water in her little palm and to shower it on the flowers blushing about her. At length, heartily impatient and half pouting, she flung her guitar on the grass and sauntered away into a more secluded part of the garden, where, for the first time in her life, she began to reflect, seriously, about the future. She was standing with her hands clasped under her apron of wrought muslin, and her sweet oval face turned away with an expression of more serious thought than usually visited her beautiful features, when the music of a guitar came tinkling, with a sweet merry sound, through the rosebushes which surrounded her.

A smile broke over her face, like the flash of warm sunshine; her hands unclasped and she darted forward with the graceful eagerness of an uncaged bird. The youth, whom we have already introduced to the reader, was sitting beneath the elm with her guitar in his hands.

'And so my lady-bird has learned to come at her master's call,' he said with a quiet smile, as the panting girl placed herself on the bench beside him.

'And for a very good reason, because she never expects to obey it again,' replied Kate, striving to look sullen, and obeying a sudden impulse to make her lover miserable for having kept her waiting.

The youth looked in her face, where a smile was struggling with affected gravity, and said, with undisturbed tranquility.

'Well, my pretty termagant, what new quarrel have you picked with me now—was my last visit too short, or my lesson too long?'

Kate shook her head very demurely, and tried her best to look solemn and important. 'You will not speak so lightly when I tell you that my father has received a letter from the English lord, whom I have told you of, and that he is on his way to carry me to England.' While she was conveying this startling intelligence, the mischievous girl stole a glance, from under her long lashes, to mark its effect upon her lover. A slight color spread up to his high, white forehead, and a very peculiar smile disturbed the repose of his expressive lips; otherwise his composure remained undisturbed.

Katrina was puzzled and more than half angry—'I will make him feel,' she said in the bottom of her roguish little heart; so she looked as resolute as possible and went on, 'Yes, my father is determined that I shall fulfil the engagement which he has made for me, and I think that I shall obey him—'

'That is right, my sweet Kate! It is a daughter's first duty to make her parents happy; and after all, what is there so very terrible in being married to a rich, well principled man, whom your father has chosen with a reference to your own exaltation and happiness?'

At her lover's interruption, Katrina started and raised her eyes to his with an expression of astonishment, which deepened as he spoke into absolute dismay.

'Are you serious?' she inquired, in a tremulous voice.

'Perfectly so!—for notwithstanding all the pleasant nonsense which we have talked together, you cannot suppose that I, a wanderer, without country or name, would drag you from an opulent home—cause you to break the heart of a good father, and expose you to all the ills of poverty and repentance, for repentance would follow! Or, to reverse

the picture, that I should content myself as the hanger-on of your father's bounty, and become a pensioner on my wife's fortune. In neither case could we be happy; nor could I be just in uniting your fate with mine.'

Katrina turned her head away, and anguish was, for the first time, busy with her heart. It was more than a minute before she spoke; then her voice was cold and constrained, and the smile which she strove to force died away in a tremulous motion of the lips. 'We have forgotten our lesson—hold the music for me, if you please.' And taking her guitar she went over the lesson with a calmness that surprised herself. But she did not sing; that had been beyond her power. When she had finished, she arose, and said, 'I think you pronounce me a tolerable proficient on this instrument; call at my father's counting-room and he will reward your services; I shall not require them in future.' And with a slight inclination of the head she turned to leave the fountain.

The youth followed and laid his hand on her's. 'Katrina,' he said, 'forgive me if I appear unfeeling, if—' but she shook his hand off, and, with a haughtiness of spirit, for the first time called into action swept by him and entered the house.

Katrina found her father in the sitting-room; his heart was overflowing with kindness and gratitude. 'Come hither child and kiss me, for I have determined to make thee happy—happy in thy own way,' he cried, opening his arms to embrace his daughter. Kate threw herself on his bosom and burst into a passion of tears; and when the old merchant went on to tell her of the peril he had been in, and of the generous conduct of the foreign youth, the poor girl only wept more bitterly than before.

'Don't weep, Kate,' said the old man kindly, 'I will have no more to do with this foreign marriage; thou shalt wed the youth to-morrow, if thou wilt.'

'No, no father, I will not!—I wish to marry Lord Gilbert and make you happy.'

'Then, after all, thou wert only jesting this morning, and I, like an old fool, got angry about a shadow!'

'Yes, father, it was all a jest—a very, very unfeeling one; yet still but a jest!' and Kate's tears redoubled as she spoke.

'Well, then, I will send off my answer to Lord Gilbert, and a thousand guilders to the good youth.'

'Send him two thousand—half your fortune! He is poor, and proud and—' Here Kate began to cry again, and sobbing out something about a head-ache she left the room.

Early the next morning Mynheer Schnyler sent a purse of gold, with a letter of thanks, to the music-master; but the servant return-

ed with word that the youth had discharged his lodgings and had left Amsterdam.

The preparations for Katrina's bridal were commenced on a magnificent scale. She was to be married in the English fashion; brides-maids were chosen and the trousseau was ordered from Paris. At length Lord Gilbert arrived. Katrina declined seeing him till they should meet at the altar; but the merchant visited him at his hotel and returned home absolutely beside himself with delight. The wedding morning brought a pretty, three cornered note from the bride-groom, with a case of diamonds, such as had seldom blazed on the brow of a Duchess. The brides-maids were in extacies, and even Katrina's pale face brightened a little when she saw them sparkling among her soft, bright tresses and felt them upon her white arms and neck. She was sitting in her dress of white satin and mechin lace, with the jewels twinkling like starlight through the delicate folds of her bridal veil, when a carriage and four swept up to the house. The brides-maids rushed, in a body, to the little mirrors in the windows.

'There he is!—that is Lord Gilbert—the tall slender one with black hair!' exclaimed the foremost. 'Kate, do come here one moment. Why! where has she flown to?'

Poor Kate—she had taken advantage of the confusion and had stolen into the garden, that she might have one moment of solitude before her destiny was sealed for ever. She hurried forward to the fountain, and threw herself on the bench where those dear, dear, music lessons had been given. The place had been neglected of late; the fountain was half choked up with leaves, and the rose-bushes were drooping and out of blossom. Every thing looked desolate; but the heart of the poor bride was most desolate of all. She leaned her cheek against the rough trunk of the elm and, burying her face in her hands, abandoned herself to sorrow. She was sitting thus, with tears trickling through her slender fingers, and falling, unnoticed, on her bridal dress, when a hand was laid softly on her arm, and a familiar voice pronounced her name.

That voice!—It went to her heart like a gush of music. She looked up, and he whom she had driven from her presence, in scorn and anger, was standing by her side. She forgot her engagement—her pride, every thing—in the dear consciousness of his presence, and sprang to his bosom as joyfully as a frightened bird flies to his nest-home in the green leaves.

'My own sweet Kate?' whispered the youth, laying his palm, caressingly, on the warm cheek whose fellow was nestled in his bosom. 'Look up love, and say that you forgive me all the sorrow and anxiety I have occasioned you.'

Kate's arms tightened about his neck, and she murmured, in a soft, happy voice, 'I forgive all, everything, only say that you will yet save me from this marriage.'

'And has it never occurred to you that you may have been deceived? that your affianced husband, may have sought to win the heart before he demanded the hand of his fair mistress; in short, that the humble music master and Gilbert Foster may be the same person? Nay, struggle not to free yourself from my arms, sweet bride. Is not your lover the same, in all things, as when he was used to set your luckless guitar with his unskillful hands?'

'Can this be sober truth?' murmured the young girl, doubtfully. 'What you, so kind, so gentle and good—Can you be the proud, fastidious Lord Gilbert whom I so feared? Indeed I cannot understand it!'

'Do not try, love. Remember, we have a whole life time to explain in. Let us go to the house now, the bishop is waiting. Do not tremble—there is nothing so very terrible in the ceremony?'

'No there is nothing terrible in it now,' whispered the happy Kate, as Lord Gilbert Foster drew the bridal veil over her face and raising her hand to his arm, led her from the fountain which had witnessed their first and last quarrel.

From the Lady's Book.

New-Year's Day.

BY MRS. SEDGWICK.

WHAT is the charm of the New-Year? Why is the first of January a day of rejoicing—a day for the interchange of friendly greetings and pleasant gifts? Why has that day, for its motto—'Good will to man,' so that whichever way one turns he is hailed with good wishes, the fulfilment of which would make him 'a man of the Beatitudes.'

Whatever customs are of universal or national observance must be formed in the nature of man; however they may seem to be arbitrary or merely conventional. Can the spirit of our New-Year observances be resolved into the charm that attaches to the word *new*? In part, perhaps, for the love of what is new, so strongly developed in childhood, never altogether forsakes us—and the attractions of a new frock or a new toy, only yield, in after life, to those of a new house, a new farm, or, mayhap, a new friend.

But there is no small delusion in the epithet as applied to each successive year. There would be some propriety in calling the year new, where, after its period of decay, it teems again with life and beauty. But what is there new in bare trees, wintry skies, and snow-covered fields? It has nothing new but its name, and, while we hail its coming, it is making us old. This may be matter of

congratulation to a child—for the wish to grow older is among true 'childish things,' which are not 'put away' until the child becomes a man; but, in mature life, 'tis little joy' to find the traces of age continually multiplying, to feel one's vigor abated, one's capacities for action and for enjoyment impaired by the same influence, forever at work, which furrows the cheek, and silvers the hair, gradually despoiling God's workmanship of its beauty and its cunning. Yet, despite all this, there is still a charm in the term *New-Year*, and, therefore, naturally enough, the word happy has become its established prefix.

Then, too, we are, as has been said a thousand times before, creatures of hope. We hope always for better things, whatever of good we may have already received. And what may not a 'new year' bestow upon us? What can prevent the plans that could not be accomplished this year from being completely achieved in the next. The invalid hopes to be better another year. The poor man to be richer, the debtor to get a full discharge from his creditor. He who has met with reverses in business, hopes that the gains of another year will more than make up for the losses of this—the discontented politician hopes for a change of rules—the disappointed politician for office—and those who are in the habit of referring all the ills of life, as well as those they have brought upon themselves, as those which come upon them in the common course of events, to some vague, indefinite, universal cause, hope for 'a change of times.' The separated, who are joined in heart, hope that another year will bring them together—lovers hope to be married—the school-girl rejoices that every year brings her nearer to the time when school-days will be over. The young man that he is fast attaining his majority—and children, in the expectation of that undefined good, infinite in amount, which they suppose comes with time to all. And the old—what do they hope for? Some, perchance, for the rest of the grave—some, it may be for still another and another year of life!

Life's journey like other journeys, has its landmarks, and for a time, at least, there is satisfaction in having accomplished one stage of it, after another. They serve in the one case, as in the other, for reckonings of time and distance, of so much accomplished, and so much remaining to be done, for looking back over the ground already passed, and forward to that which is in prospect. The commencement of the Year, is one of those. In some sense it seems like a pause in our existence, a pause for reflection, and for anticipation. 'Tis the beginning of a new chapter in life—the turning over of a new leaf—and the confidence of hope we expect to see its

yet unread pages, beautifully illuminated and written over with histories of deep and joyous interest. Hope inspires happiness—happiness the instinct of universal love and a craving for sympathy. The *New-Year* is a common interest to all, and the good wishes which we frame for ourselves, we entertain and express for others. Towards our nearest friends—towards those we love best, our feelings, too strong and deep for utterance, require to be interpreted symbolically, and we resort to the language of gifts. In other cases they are bestowed in acknowledgment of the prescriptive rights of the day, and in conformity with its spirit, that is with the single object of making happy as many as possible.

All this is very pleasant—very much as it should be—and it only remains to be wished that the spirit of *New-Year's Day*, could be infused into the whole year, then should we all have indeed 'a happy *New-Year*.' Unfortunately, there is no more virtue, no more that 'availeth' in our prayers for others than in those we breathe for ourselves, if unaccompanied with action and effort. Suppose that all who bestow so freely and indiscriminately their good wishes, should regard themselves as bound to do all which in them lies towards giving those wishes effect, and should endeavor to fulfil that obligation—would not happiness indeed reign on the earth? Would not the Apostolical injunctions be obeyed by husband and wife—would not the child walk diligently and carefully in the way in which his parents were striving to train him—would not all families of brothers and sisters prove to themselves and show to the world: 'how goodly and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity,' and would not words of love and deeds of kindness, and the spirit of good will gladden all the intercourse of man with his fellow man? But does not the husband often breathe the wishes of the season to the wife, and the wife to the husband, the parent, the brother to the child, and the child to the parent, the brother to the sister, and the sister to the brother, without reflecting that upon one another more than all the world beside, and all that is therein contained, depends the fulfilment of these wishes. And is not this interchange of salutations renewed from year to year, among friends, neighbors, and acquaintances, in most instances without suggesting the idea that they have any thing to do with promoting one another's happiness beyond the utterance of a wish? Whenever the spirit of human brother-hood shall be felt and exhibited every day in the year, as it is on the first day, then will it appear that mankind are capable of being something more and better to one another than mere well-wishers.

There is one class of persons, but it is to be

feared a small class comparatively, who have good reason for rejoicing at the coming of the *New-Year*, viz: those who are conscious of being wiser, better, richer in good works, and in all immortal treasures—treasures laid up in Heaven, than they were twelve months ago—who have no unbalanced accounts with the old year—who have taken and faithfully improved and enjoyed all that it gave; in fact, compensating for all that it has taken away. Years take only what is perishable—they give it, what is imperishable. Fearful indeed is their flight and any thing but happy their approach—if one after another is gathered to the past, only to swell the record of blessings abused—opportunities wasted—the perversion to ignoble ends of powers and capacities designed for high and noble uses, and the debasement, by sin and folly, of our immortal nature.

We avail ourselves of the columns of the 'Book,' to wish all its readers 'a Happy *New-Year*,' which being interpreted, means that we hope they must avail themselves in the ensuing year to the best possible advantage, of all the means in their power, both to their own happiness, and that of others.

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

Aztalon.

AN ANCIENT CITY IN WISCONSIN TERRITORY.

MR. EDITOR.—On the 12th July, there appeared in the *National Intelligencer*, a letter from the Far West, dated June 15th, over a well known signature (F.) It has been lately republished in the *United States Gazette*, and from it is extracted the following paragraph:

'It was part of our plan to strike over the country to a branch at Rock River, to examine the remains of an *Ancient City*, asserted to have been lately discovered, of extraordinary dimensions, with casements, archways, bricks and mortar. The name of Aztalon has been given to it, and persons have been found bold enough to write the most extravagant descriptions of it, and to append their names. A few Indian mounds are all that Aztalon has to boast of; neither brick nor mortar was ever seen there, and I was informed that the affair originated in a project to magnify the locality, found a modern city, and sell the lots. Everything in that country is rife with fraudulent speculation.'

It is to be regretted that the writer of that letter should have relied upon *information* so very incorrect, and have used language so unjustifiable.—When respectable men had appended their names to the published descriptions of these remains, they deserved something better from one who had not visited the spot. Neither the account by Judge Hyer, nor any other gentlemen, has mentioned

'mortar,' 'casements,' or 'archways.' But the writer has gratuitously contradicted men of character, imputed fraudulent motives, and denied the most strongly attested facts.

On the 21st July, ult. a party of four, (myself being one) was formed at Chicago, to visit these ancient remains. We went by the lake, north 90 miles to Milwaukee, and there, being tolerably mounted, and carrying our guns, we proceeded westward to the ruins, distant about seventy miles.

The first sixteen miles of the road was through a densely timbered country, not materially differing in appearance from that of western Pennsylvania. This belt of timber, varying in width extends from *Racine* river, northward, along the whole western shore of *Lake Michigan*. Beyond this, there are occasionally small prairies, and for twenty miles we passed through extensive 'oak openings' of singular beauty. The country is gently 'rolling,' of underbrush, covered with rich grass, and wild flowers in endless variety:—The noble old oaks scattered at great distances and sometimes in open groves:—Lakes of astonishing transparency, abounding with fish and wild fowl, and varied by little romantic islands, all present natural landscapes finer than the most ornamented grounds in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, and with which the finest park scenery of England cannot compare. This description will apply to a vast extent of the interior of Wisconsin.

Riding along we could often scent the wild strawberries, and dismounting, we foraged at pleasure upon this natural luxury. We met a few Indians, occasionally, and numbers of emigrants moving westward.

For twenty miles farther, to the east branch of Rock River, the land in general is closely, but not heavily timbered. We saw the common 'English raspberry' of our gardens growing wild in profusion. We led our horses with difficulty through the dismal marshes of the *Konemawoc*. After fording Rock River at Johnston's rapids, where it was about seventy-five yards wide and three feet deep, fourteen miles more of beautiful country brought us to the west branch of Rock River. Here it is wide, deep and strong. We passed in canoes, swimming our horses. Two miles beyond we arrived at the residence of Mr. Brayton, by the river side, and not far distant from Aztalon.

These ruins are situated upon the western side of the river. A high ridge of ground runs parallel with the stream, at about 4 or 500 yards distance, and from this, there is a gentle slope down to the river bank, which may be 12 or 15 feet high.

The plan of the fortifications of the place, published in the Milwaukee Advertiser, and copied into several eastern newspapers, was

drawn by Judge Hyer from actual survey. The diagram appeared to us to be correct, excepting that it continues the wall over a small part, at the south-east near the river, where the inhabitants appear to have relied for their defence, upon the natural height and strength of the ground. It will be remembered by those who have seen the engraving, that the plan approaches the figure of an irregular oblong, averaging about 500 yards long, by more than 200 yards wide. The longest side is upon the river, where the place was protected by a high embankment, or wall. On the three other sides it was defended by a wall, partly of brick, which is now about four feet high and twenty-three feet wide. At regular distances of about two rods, there are semicircular works advanced 17 feet beyond the wall, which were perhaps buttresses, or probably a sort of bastions; or, they may have been the foundations of small towers. At the angles next the country there are very large quadrangular mounds, now about 15 feet high. These were undoubtedly towers intended to strengthen the defences there. The walls enclose about twenty acres. The interior every where exhibits elevations and depressions of the ground.—Some of these are regular in form, and are apparently the remains of houses, cellars, and streets.

On the top of the walls oak trees are now standing, some of them 20 inches, and two feet in diameter.

Within a few hundred yards of the place there are upwards of fifty separate mounds, mostly conical in shape, and of different sizes. About twenty-five of these stand in a line upon the ridge, from which the ground slopes to the river on one side, and to the open country on the other. Four of the last are from fifteen to twenty feet in height. One of them was opened to the depth of nine feet. It is composed of the rich alluvial soil not stratified.—Nothing was discovered. It is believed that these mounds each commemorate the resting place of a single chieftain, and that they were not graves of the undistinguished dead.

Homer, in describing the funeral of Patroclus, speaks of the mound then raised by the Grecian army.

'Circling around the place where times to come
Shall view Patroclus' and Achilles' tomb.'

Without the fortifications, the ground exhibits inequalities which we supposed to be the remains of the suburbs, or perhaps of the entrenchments of an enemy besieging the town.

We dug into the face of one of the advanced buttresses, or bastions of the wall. The accumulated sod and soil was about ten inches deep. Here the spade turned up brick, rubbish, charcoal, pieces of pottery and frag-

ments of human bones blackened by fire. We then struck the brick of the wall, through which the pickaxe and spade made their way with some difficulty. Below the whole we found a hard blue clay. The brick bears no appearance of having been regularly molded. It has throughout the marks of the *straw* with which it was made. Some of it had been burned to a light cinder. Some of it was vitrified, and some is very hard, and of a good red color. The whole must have been much altered by the moisture of the earth under which it has so long been buried. We could discover no appearance of any cement or mortar. Some pieces of what seemed at first to be black glazed pottery, now proved to be the parts of a human skull.

Two specimens of broken pottery in my possession, shew a rude ornament around the edge of the vessel of which they formed a part.

The existence of an arched culvert has been much doubted. Mr. B. shewed us where he had made an excavation at the mouth of the culvert.—He found a rude structure of stone, answering the purpose of an arch, but not regularly built. They are white, apparently limestone, ten or twelve inches long, and worn by the water. We dug above, to find the continuation of the culvert; but it was deep beneath the surface; the sod is so tough, and the earth so hard as to render it quite a task. We made some little further excavations in the interior of one of the main towers, and the other places of the kind, but the accumulated deposit is so deep, and the sod so strong as to require too much labor, for amusement, under a July sun.

Mr. B. and others have made some slight excavations in different parts of the walls, and found the same appearance—rubbish, charcoal, bits of pottery ware, human bones and brick. The bones which are not hardened by fire, generally crumble upon being exposed to the air. No complete examination of these ruins has yet been made.

The place here described is supposed to have been the *Citadel* only. In fact there is a wall or low embankment extending to the southwest from that angle of the fortifications which is supposed to have enclosed the city. Other appearances favor the conjecture. If it be just, the town must have been very large.

A curious incident was related to the writer by Judge Hyer. In the neighborhood of these remains of a friend of his had chosen a fine situation to build a house. When the workmen came to erect the building, a cellar was found there regularly constructed, leaving no doubt that a dwelling had stood upon the spot in former times.

There are some works upon the opposite side of the river. There is an enormous mound within sight to the south-west. About

four miles down the river are the remains of a smaller ancient fortification, with the appearance of a regular ditch and breastwork erected against it, probably by an enemy. This we did not visit.

The country for thirty miles around exhibits numerous mounds, and long embankments. Some of these were designed to resemble lizards, turtles, buffaloes, and even the human form. All are evidently the work of human hands. In many places the land bears the traces of ancient cultivation. Over considerable fields were shown regular ridges and furrows similar to the style in which grain is cultivated in some parts of the north of France. Mr. B. a man of intelligence and integrity, assured us he had felled an oak, which stood upon one of these corn ridges, that was between three and four hundred years old. (Every one, acquainted with surveying in this State, knows the reliance placed upon the rings of annual growth of trees, and how often the title to land depends upon that evidence of the date of surveys.)

The conviction is universal among the settlers, that the whole country was once densely peopled by a comparatively civilized race, far superior to our wandering tribes of Indians, who are unable to give any account of these remains, or to furnish the slightest tradition respecting the ancient possessors of the soil.

Of the era of this city, of course every thing as yet is conjectural. This however may be regarded as certain. It was not the work of the Indians, and the oaks place the date long before the time of the Jesuit Missionaries.

In reference to the derivation of these people, the use of pottery may be noted, and the resemblance in the formation of the brick to that of the ancient nations of the East. The use of straw in its manufacture is a striking coincidence.—(See Exodus, v. 7.) In the brick of Aztalon nothing can be plainer to the eye. The same appearance is observable in the Babylonian remains accordingly to C. J. Rich, Esq. who also,

—'some bricks has got
Lately—and written two essays upon't.'

These were our conclusions upon the whole matter. That beautiful country has been the seat of a nation, and here was once the locality of a large and populous city. It is supposed that these fortifications were composed of a foundation of clay, on which was placed the superstructure of brick, surmounted with defences of wood, and perhaps, at intervals with wooden towers. From the remains found, we inferred that a powerful enemy had besieged the place, and that after terrible battles and slaughter at the walls, the town was taken and destroyed. The defences were

probably thrown down and with the dead bodies of their brave defenders, were burned upon the spot. Time has done his work. The dust of ages has accumulated upon their ashes. The rank grass of the prairie has extended itself over their strong holds. Noble oaks have flourished for centuries, and have gone to decay upon their tombs. The wild Indian has roved unconsciously over the wreck of their homes and pleasant places; and now, another and insatiate race is rushing in to occupy their fertile fields. An occasional stranger 'darkly grubs some earthly hole' to find, if possible, some relic of an interesting and departed people, who like the brave men that flourished 'before Agamemnon,' are unknown and unlamented, 'because no sacred poet has celebrated their renown.'

MISCELLANY.

For the Rural Repository.

Hannah More.

THE present age is in no respect more conspicuous than for the advancement of female excellence. It has produced a multitude of women as renowned for moral and intellectual transcendence as any whose names are now found on the pages of history or on the records of undying fame. More, Mitford, Baillie, Edgworth, Hemans, Landon and Sigourney, have within the last century come forth, and shone as the *Seven Stars* in the heavens of moral greatness and mental superiority. Each has glittered with dazzling and nearly equal luster, and the light of each has been spread through every sphere of society, diffusing itself through the half-closed portals of millions of immortal souls, and causing them to rejoice at the renovating influence of Science and Christianity.

Among these moral and literary luminaries if one can be pointed out as more resplendent than the others—one that has shown with more unwavering and undimmed brightness; it is Hannah More. Her brilliancy either in the regions of literature or morality has been equaled by few, perhaps surpassed by none, who, during the present age have made their appearance in the firmament of female greatness.

Her poetry is of the purest kind, breathing throughout the true spirit of sensibility of which she has so delectably sung, and which, where the soul is under the influence of virtuous principles—to use her own beautiful language.—

'Sheds its sweet sunshine o'er the moral part,
Nor wastes on fancy what should warm the heart.'

Her diction is easy and versatile, every line seeming to flow spontaneously from her apparently inexhaustible reservoir of chaste and purified ideas. Her poetry savors also of the holy incense of Heaven, the clime

from whence it originated; and though she is sometimes facetious, as every poet or poetess may, and occasionally *should* be; though a spark of wit or gaiety frequently flashes from her glowing embers of thought; yet it is only to warm and enliven the heart, and prepare it for the more ardent blaze of virtue and religious truth, which, in a succeeding line, is to beam upon it.

Such is the character of her poetical writings: her prosaic are not less—nay, they are far more moral and instructive, being more replete with those pure feelings of piety for which her maturer years and riper thoughts were so universally celebrated.

Her earlier days were spent more in the fairy bowers of poesy, when her young soul delighted to luxuriate amid heavenly and enchanting scenes, rife with charms more congenial to the youthful and poetic nymph than the arid regions of unimaginary life. Having drank for awhile at the dulcet fount of Castaly and won immortal honors in the poetical arena, she at length resolved to devote wholly her transcendent talents to the promotion of His cause from whom she had received them, and the spirit of whose inspiration was imbibed into her tender bosom from the first dawning of her brilliant genius.

Her prose writings, rich with the bright genius of devotional affection, and suited to the capacities of both the learned and the unlearned, were rapidly scattered through the moral world, finding their way alike into the Kingly palace and the humble cot; and being adapted to the taste of all, the old and the young, the grave and the gay, they were almost universally read where the language of civilization was heard, and millions soon felt their benignant power on their mind, purifying them and preparing them for a better, an eternal state of existence.

The beneficial effects of her writings, so profusely spread over the Christian land, cannot be computed, cannot be imagined. Unnumbered myriads who now lie slumbering in the grave of departed years, have felt, and thousands upon thousands as yet in the womb of futurity will one day feel their renovating influence, kindling or reviving the spark of religious fire in their benighted souls, and guiding them through the sin-besetting scenes of earth, to brighter climes above. J. C.

Dracut, Ms. 1838.

From the Universalist and Ladies Repository.

Needle Work.

Is the education of a young lady rightly conducted when the accomplishment of needle work does not form a prominent part? We think not. That accomplishment is of great value to every female who prizes nicety, and would not be slavishly dependant on others, skill. Indeed, we deem it a great misfortune

to any young lady to be deficient in the art of 'plying the polished shaft' with activity, and many a one who looked on needle work as fitted only for the 'lower sort' has been deeply mortified by accidents which a little knowledge of the despised accomplishment would have enabled her to remedy in a moment. And how extremely dependant must that lady be who has fostered an utter dislike toward needle work! We pity her, and with the poet sing—

'The gay belles of fashion may boast of excelling
In waltz or cotillon—at whist or quadrille;
And seek admiration by vauntingly telling
Of drawing, and painting, and musical skill;
But give me the fair one in country or city,
Whose home and its duties are dear to her heart,
Who cheerfully warbles some rustical ditty,
While plying the needle with exquisite art.
The bright little needle—the swift-flying needle,
The needle directed by beauty and art.'

And what a beautiful and animated picture is presented by a circle of busy ones, their eyes flashing with pleasure as bright as the little needle in the light of the evening lamp! The contrast is great and ludicrous when such a group is compared with an idle family circle, where the members are gaping and groaning and wishing that bed-time was near. And what a sight is the wardrobe of that lady who is no needle-woman, and who has lost *her help* and in vain seeks for another! Truly there is force in the quaint remark of a paragraphist, that when he saw a lady send her husband's coat or pants to the tailor's to get one or two buttons put on, he wondered not that many young men were skittish about getting married. They know not what they do, who in seeking for a wife give no attention to discover whether or not the one they admire is a needle-woman. Alas! for the man who, phrenologically, has large *order*, but whose wife is no adept in the art of needle-work!

In Mrs. Gilman's annual we find the following good thoughts on our subject, and we quote them as worthy the attention of our fair readers;—'Cultivate a love of needle-work in your family. Whatever be the mental cultivation of a woman, she is made happier by this occupation. A young lady who superintends her own, or her mother's clothing, will have sweet, cheerful thoughts spring up in her mind, unless she is diseased, or actually courts gloomy ideas. It is an odious sight to witness a family idle of a winter evening: and no less beautiful a spectacle, when a circle surround a table, employing their needles while one reads aloud. Let one of the party provide a map and dictionary for reference, and the knowledge obtained in an evening will be surprising. Looking out the meaning of words, makes a good pause and stimulates thought and criticism.'

'It is not probable that sewing ever check-

ed the bright and thinking faculties. The dull will be dull still, whether they read libraries or ply the needle; and this employment certainly gives a zest to after reading, to those who really love books. How should women bless their needle for rescuing them from the temptations which assail the other sex. Bright and innocent little implement, whether plied over tasteful luxuries, or gaining the poor pittance of a day, thou art equally the friend of her whose visions tend to wander amid the regions of higher abstractions, and of her whose thoughts are pinned down to the tread-mill of thy minute progress. Quiet rescuer from clubs and midnight revels, amid the minor blessings of woman's lot, thou shalt not be forgotten! Still come, and let thy fairy wand shine on her; still lend an ambitious joy to the playthings of the girl; still move unconsciously under the glittering smile of the maiden planning thy triumphant results; still beguile the mother, whose thoughts rove to her boy on the distant ocean, or the daughter, watching by the sick bed of one who has heretofore toiled for her; still soothe the long dreary moments of faithful love, and though a tear sometimes fall on thy shining point, it shall not gather the rust of despair, since *employment* is thy dower.'

ARIAN.

The Happy Miner.

'THERE'S danger in the mines, old man?' I asked of an aged miner, who, with his arms bent, leaning against the side of the immense vault absorbed in meditation—'It must be a fearful life.'

The old man looked at me with a steadfast, but somewhat vacant stare, and then in half broken sentences he uttered—'Danger—where is there not—on the earth or beneath it—in the mountain or in the valley—on the ocean or in the quiet of nature's most hidden spot—where is there not danger?'—where has not death left some token of his presence?' 'True,' I replied, 'but the vicissitudes of life are various; the sailor seeks his living on the waters, and he knows each moment that they may engulf him—the hunter seeks death in the wild wood—and the soldiers in the battle field—and the miner knows not but the spot where he now stands, to-morrow may be his tomb.'

'It is so, indeed,' replied the old man—'we find death in the means we seek to perpetuate life—'tis a strange riddle—who shall solve it?' 'Have you long followed his occupation?' I asked, somewhat struck with the old man's manner.

'From a boy—I drew my first breath in the mines—I shall yield it up in their gloom.'

'You have seen some of those vicissitudes,' said I, 'to which you have just now alluded.'

'Yes,' he replied with a faltering voice, 'I have. There was a time that three tall boys looked up to me and called me father. They were sturdy striplings! Now it seems but yesterday they stood before me so proud in their strength and I filled too with a father's vanity. But the Lord chastened the proud heart. Where are they now? I saw the youngest—he was the dearest of the flock—his mother's spirit seemed to have settled on him—crushed at my feet a bleeding mass. We were together—so near that his hot blood sprung up into my face. Molten lead had been less lasting than those fearful drops.'

One moment and his light laugh was in my ears; the next, and the large mass came—there was no cry, no look of terror—but the transition to eternity was as the lightning's flash—and my poor boy lay crushed beneath by the fearful load. It was an awful moment—but time that changeth all things brought relief—and I had still two sons. But my cup of affliction was not yet full. They too were taken from me. Side by side they died—not as their brother—but the fire damp caught their breath, and left them scorched and lifeless. They brought them home to the old man—his fair jewels—than whom earth's richest treasures in his sight had no price—and told him he was childless and alone. It is a strange decree that the old plant should thus survive the stripling things it shaded and for whom it would have died a thousand times. Is it surprising that I should wish to die here in the mines?' 'You have indeed,' I replied, 'drank of affliction. Whence do you derive consolation?' 'The old man looked up—'From heaven—God gave, and he hath taken away—blessed be his name.' I bowed my head to the miner's pious prayer—and the old man passed on.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

J. B. L. Athens, N. Y. \$1.00; H. D. G. Buskirk's Bridge, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Naples, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. De Ruyter, N. Y. \$2.00; L. C. Eaton, N. Y. \$1.00; J. F. B. Three Rivers, Ms. \$1.00; A. B. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; A. S. Hadley, Ms. \$1.00; G. E. H. Wilmington, O. \$1.00; J. L. G. Dansville, N. Y. \$1.00.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Thursday evening the 18th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Whittaker, Mr. Peter Decker to Miss Cornelia Humphrey.

At Ancram, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Vedder, Mr. Leonis Millard, of Egremont Mass. to Miss Lucinda Williams, daughter of Isaac Williams, Esq. of Ancram.

In Westerlo, by the Rev. Dr. Gosman, Mr. Daniel D. Morey, of Austerlitz, Columbia county, to Miss Phebe Ann Convers, of Coeymans.

On the evening of the 23d ult. by Peter Snyder, Esq. Mr. John J. Allen to Miss Eliza Stoiker, all of Claverack.

On the evening of the 27th ult. by the same and at the same place Mr. Peter Henry Allen to Miss Lydia Thompson.

DIED.

In this city, on the 17th ult. George W. Chapman, in his 6th year.

On the 27th ult. Mary Eliza, daughter of Doct. E. and Phebe Siez, aged 10 months.

On the 29th ult. Sarah, daughter of Charles and Catharine Barnard, aged 2 days.



SELECT POETRY.

Westminster Abbey.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

TREAD lightly here! this spot is holy ground,
And every footfall wakes the voice of ages;
These are the mighty dead that hem thee round,
Names that still cast a halo o'er our pages;
Listen! 'tis fame's loud voice that now complains,
'Here sleeps more sacred dust, than all the world
contains.'

Thou mayst bend o'er each marble semblance now:
That was a monarch—see how mute he lies!
There was a day when, on his crumbling brow,
The golden crown flashed awe on vulgar eyes;
That broken hand did then a scepter sway,
And thousands round him kneeled his mandates to
obey.

Turn to the time, when he thus low was laid
Within this narrow house, in proud array;
Dirges were sung, and solemn masses said,
And high-plumed helms bent o'er him as he lay;
Princes and peers were congregated here,
And all the pomp of death assembled round his bier.

Then did the midnight torches flaming wave,
And redly flashed athwart the vaulted gloom;
And white-robed boys sang requiems o'er his grave;
And muttering monks kneeled lowly round his
tomb;

And lovely women did his loss deplore,
And, with their gushing tears, bathed the cold marble
floor.

See! at his head, a rude-carved lion stands,
In the dark niche where never sunbeams beat;
And still he folds his supplicating hands;
A watchful dragon crouches at his feet—
How oddly blended!—He all humble lies,
While they defiance cast from their fierce stony eyes.

Here sleeps another, clothed in scaly mail;
Battle's red field was where he loved to be;
Oft has his banner rustled in the gale,
In all the pomp of blazing heraldry!
Where are his bowmen now, his shield, and spear,
His steed, and battle axe, and all he once held dear?

His banner wasted on the castle wall,
His lofty turrets sunk by slow decay;
His bowmen in the beaten field did fall,
His plated armor, rust hath swept away;
His plumes are scattered, and his helmet cleft
And this slow-crumbling tomb is all he now hath left.

And this is fame! For this he fought and bled!
See his reward!—No matter; let him rest;
Vacant and dark is now his ancient bed,
The dust of ages dims his marble breast
And, in that tomb, what thinkest thou remains?
Dust! 'tis the only glory, that on earth man gains.

And kings, and queens, here slumber, side by side,
Their quarrels hushed in the embrace of death;
All feelings calmed of jealousy or pride,
Once fanned to flame by Slander's burning breath;
Even the crowns they wear from cares are free,
As those on children's heads, who play at royalty.

And awful Silence here does ever linger,
Her dwelling is this many pillared dome;

On her wan lip she plants her stony finger,
And, breath-hushed, gazes on her voiceless home;
Listening, she stands, with half averted head,
For echoes never heard among the mute-tongued
dead.

And here, Time stretches out his cloudy wings,
But never beats them, and they have turned grey
With hovering o'er the forms of crumbling kings
And, like the marble, will, at last, decay,
Wearied with watching; fall, and be no more
Than the mere years of sand that gird the eternal
shore.

Look on those Gothic arches, worn and old;—
Whom monarchs loved, 'neath them did once ap-
pear,

Dazzling all eyes in 'rude barbaric gold';
So rich the tissues which they then did wear;
The same soft light that fills this holy place,
Hath even here streamed full upon a Tudor's face.

What gaudy figures rest against the sky!
With golden glories woven round each brow,
They float athwart the window's deepened dye,
Rich in the colors of the etherial bow;
Breaking the sunbeams in a thousand ways,
And mingling star and twilight with his dying rays.

Behold those cloudy saints and angel bands!
How rich the robes in which they brightly beam!
Such shapes we oft have seen in sleepy lands,
Peopling the spacy silver of a dream;
And just such harps, with carvings rude surrounded,
Have in those face-thronged visions o'er the wild
air sounded.

O, I could sit and weep here like a child!
I know not why thus heavy feels my soul;
But I did deem that one pale statue smiled
Upon me in the twilight; and the roll
Of memory's rapid wheels did backward move—
For the mute marble wore a form I once did love.

But this is fancy, for the busy brain
Grows sad by contemplation on the past;
Thoughts move in chains, a heavy wearied train,
Dragging down to the grave, their rest at last;
Care folds his arms, and sits apart to weep,
Over the silent city where the mighty sleep.

From Bacon's Poems.

Life.

Our years, our years, how fast they glide!
Life, like a never sleeping tide,
Wild sweeps away;
And all that the young heart supplied,
Visions of pomp, and power, and pride,
Lo, what are they!

We live, we love, we laugh, we sigh;
We cheat the heart, we cheat the eye
With things to come;
Aye! while the gathering clouds are nigh,
And the dread bolt is launched on high,
To be our doom.

We live—love brings its mysteries;
It clothes the earth, it clothes the skies,
With visions bright:
The heart is taken with sweet surprise,
It gives up its best sympathies—
Death brings a blight.

We live—we think of laurels won,
Of faith well kept, of proud deeds done,
Then fix your eye;
Fame's thunder-plaudit cheers us on;
The goal is in our sight; we run;
We win, and die!

The laureled brow, the heart elate,
The warrior's fame, the monarch's state,
The castled slave;
Each, as the world proclaims him great,
Trembles for one is at the gate—
To dig his grave.

We grasp the wind; we clasp a shade;
Earth's proudest gift's a phantom made—
So soon 'tis flown;
The draught is at our lips; afraid,
We dash the chalice down, dismayed
That life is gone.

Death's Proclamation.

BY MRS. ELLET.

Ye may twine young flowers round the sunny brow
Ye deck for the festal day,
But mine is the shadow that waves o'er them now,
And their beauty has withered away.
Ye may gather bright gems for glory's shrine,
Afraid from their cavern home—
Ye may gather the gems—but their pride is mine,
They will light the dark cold tomb.

The warrior's heart beats high and proud,
I have laid my cold hand on him;
And the stately form hath before me bowed,
And the flashing eye is dim.
I have trod the banquet room alone—
And the crowded halls of mirth,
And the low deep wail of the stricken one
Went up from the festal hearth.

I have stood by the pillared domes of old,
And breathed on each classic shrine—
And desolation gray and cold,
Now marks the ruin mine.
I have met young Genius, and breathed on the brow
That bore his mystic trace—
And the cheek where passion was wont to glow,
Is wrapt in my dark embrace.

They tell of a land where no blight can fall,
Where my ruthless reign is o'er—
Where the ghastly shroud, and the shadowy pall
Shall wither the soul no more.
They say there's a home in yon blue sphere,
A region of life divine;
But I reck not—since all that is lovely here,
The beauty of earth—is mine.

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